

at him not knowing  
if he liked women or men  
and in my state of drunkenness  
I failed to admire  
my lover as well  
saying, "Have him why don't you?"  
and with help from me  
they fell into each others  
arms on the porch  
too drunk to stand and  
I locked the doors

I feel good

I feel GOOD  
I feel good  
good, good, good  
good, good  
when I feel good  
I don't think  
anyone feels  
as good as I do  
and it's hard  
to tell you  
just how good  
I feel  
because it's  
just too damn  
good to tell

ooooooooohhhh  
I just feel  
good all inside  
and it's buzz'en  
around in there  
like bees  
buzzzzzzzzzzzz  
buzzzzzzzzzzzz  
I'm happy and  
that's stupid  
feeling so happy  
and buzzy and  
good ... wow

buzzzzzzzzzz  
caaawwwwww  
flapp'en my wings  
jump'en up and down  
and you ain't even  
going to like  
this poem  
it's just TOO GOOD